

TONIGHT

NO. 4

\$1

R

**SOME GIRLS
DO IT FOR FUN**

**TONIGHT'S
PORTABLE
HAREM**

**LADY OF
TONIGHT**

in full color!

**KISSES FOR
KUMQUATS**

● KISSES FOR KUMQUATS
● SOME GIRLS DO IT FOR
FUN ● ONCE MORE WITH
FEELING ● INSPIRATION VS.
SINSPIRATION ● BREAK
A LEG ● FURORE OVER
FUDGE ● A MINK FOR
MILLIE ● GIRL OF THE
GOLDWYN WEST ● LADY
OF TONIGHT ● HOT ICE
● SWEATER GIRL ● TO-
NIGHT'S PORTABLE HAREM
● JEST FOR TONIGHT ●
REWRITE ● FAVOR FOR A
FRIEND ● SO BE A BASTARD
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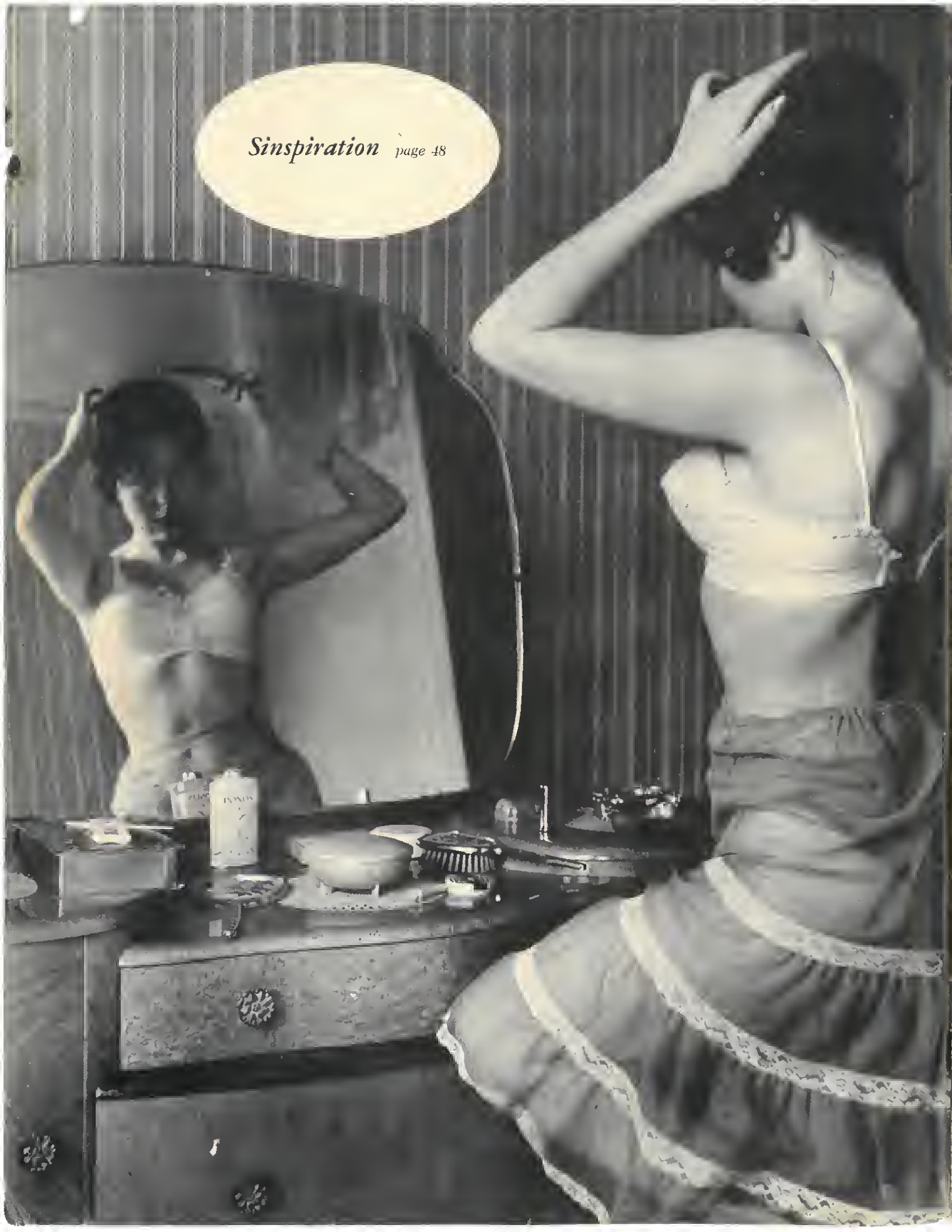
**KISSES FOR
KUMQUATS**

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Sinspiration page 48

EDITORIAL

No, MY FRIEND, don't read it here at the newsstand! Leaf through, if you like, for a sampling of the chorus line- (and it's a most pleasant aggregation of femininity, indeed!) but don't dawdle. Negotiate briefly with the newsdealer and take our bevy of bosom beauties home with you.

(Time passes)

There, isn't that better, now that you can relax with us? In addition to the mammarian marvels and the delightful derrieres herein, we've got some readin', too.

First off, there's a tale of a writer in search of emotional inspiration, *REWRITE*, by Dan Darent, boy fictioneer — followed by some advice on how to turn illegitimate beginnings into a decided advantage when dealing with desirable women, even if you have to fake your own bastardy, told with finesse by one who has had considerable practice at this sort of thing, Selwyn Welles. In the field of organized humor, Walt Leibscher shows how to cook your own goose (or is it the other way around?) with *FURORE OVER FUDGE*. For more fun along the way, ex-science-fictioneer Larry Maddock examines the scurrilous method by which *Millie* got her *Mink*. George H. Smith, whose by-line shows up in some of the most unexpected places, contributes a provocative yarn aptly titled *FAVOR FOR A FRIEND* — and you, dear soul, should be so lucky! There's much, much more . . .

All in all, we trust you'll consider it one hell of an issue, and that you'll join the growing ranks of *TONIGHT*-people who will be haunting the newsstands soon for the next issue. Sorry, no subscriptions — and don't request our models' phone numbers.

Tally ho!

— THE EDITORS

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| EDITOR | Dave Quimby |
| PHOTO EDITOR | Hans Dennis |
| ART EDITOR | Milton Beatty |

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REWRITE

He
had
to
research
the
scene
before
he
could
make
it
ring
true!

SALLY SAT COILED like a yoga nymph in the center of the bed. Her lovely, young features were all-attentive to the words of Mrs. Goldfarb, who sat at her dressing table attempting to improve on what nature had spared her after too many years of hard work.

"Believe me, young lady, managing a block of apartments, like I am having here, is more than hard work. Sometimes even a mother I am being. Like finding Mr. Collins' clean socks for him, or making a lecture to those two girls in 2B about 'you know what'." Sally smiled at the anecdotes of her colorful neighbor.

"And *Mister* Frederick Kearns even asks me to advise on his writing. . . . Imagine, Sally darling, an *author* he is! Like Mr. Shakespeare or Mickey Spillane! So polite and quiet always . . . and so handsome! Nosey I am not, but things I see . . . writings in his apartment. Ah, that man is an exciting one!"

Sally's eyes narrowed from their poodle curiosity to an expression of feline plotting. She had had her eyes on Fred Kearns for a long time now, but he didn't seem to notice her.

"Just keep your ears on the telephone, darling, and help the tenants if they are wanting something . . ."

Sally uncoiled her twenty years of lithe limbs and followed the bulky Mrs. Goldfarb to the door.

"Read the movie magazines. I'll try to get back early. Oy, what a time a sister should choose to get sick! You eat from the icebox when you should get hungry, Sally. I'm telling your mama you might be late." She threw the last back over her shoulder as she scuttled out of her apartment.

Sally returned to the bedroom. The magnetic sparkle of the ring of apartment keys enticed her imagination with the possibility of more exciting reading than movie magazines. Fred Kearns wouldn't be home in the middle of the morning!

IT ALL BOILED down to *sex*! He had not come up to the publisher's sexual standards. Fred Kearns sat in the privacy of his apartment clothed only by a still-damp towel which hung around his neck. He glared at the rejected manuscript which lay on the desk by the typewriter. It was so absurd. He reviewed the letter from his publisher and studied the editorial remarks on the manuscript trying to determine exactly what the so-and-so wanted.

There was a soft knock on the door. He kept quiet. Maybe they would go away. Instead, a key turned in the lock and the door opened slowly. A shock of jet-black hair topping an eggshell complexion peered into the room.

"Awahrugg!" he said, bolting from the chair and dashing for cover while attempting to hide his nudity with the towel. Sally saw the flash of his naked backside as it disappeared through the bathroom door. Embarrassed, but wise beyond her years, she stammered innocently, "Mr. Kearns, are you here?"

"Yes!" Fred momentarily lost control of the pitch of his voice, as he returned to the room completely wrapped in a long robe.

"Oh . . . Oh, I'm sorry, Mister Kearns. I knocked and no one answered. I . . . I'm here to . . . to clean the room," she lied in embarrassed tones and backed into the hall.

"Just a minute," Fred called. "It's okay. I'm on my way out, anyway."

"Like that?" she smiled mischievously and walked into the room.

"Where's Mrs. Goldfarb?" Fred asked, forcing Sally to improvise further on her invention.

"She had to go uptown. Ah . . . I'm just helping for the day." She flashed him a sparkling smile with the half-truth, and slow burning embers appeared in her gray-green eyes. "I'm Sally, Mr. Kearns. I'll come back after you've gone." She turned toward the door again. About 36-24-36 he thought in cold analysis.

"No. That won't be necessary. I'll be gone in a jiffy." Fred interrupted his inspection only momentarily. There was something about that body. It was a young body. Maybe that was it? He was more accustomed to mature women in his research.

"All right." She closed the door and began straightening the room. Her young charms were tightly encased in a black sweater and form-fitting toreador pants. He suddenly realized that she was aware of his staring and a beet-flush climbed up his neck. He turned and strode into the bedroom.

As cold and analytical as he was, why should he blush just looking at a kid like that? He had seen it all in its natural state . . . from the red wrinkled nipples to the dark triangle below, the nest of fulfillment. He had satisfied his urge with dozens of mature women. He was not the blushing type.

He left the apartment without looking.
(continued on page 45)



NOT ALL OF US are fortunate enough to be born out of wedlock, and this accident of legitimacy has cheated us out of a good many things.

But we can still *act* like bastards, which is almost as good.

Now, a bastard, by definition, is a child who has no honorable and legal claim to his family name for the simple reason that his father and his mother were not legally married at the time of his birth. Among Royalty, especially English Royalty, being a bastard was a sign of accomplishment, and the Royal Bastards had quite a merry old time for themselves.

A self-made bastard isn't quite this glamorous, but if he works at it he can reap the fruits of the illegitimate.

Why, you may ask, should I want to be a bastard?

It's simple. All women have weaknesses, and most women flip over bastards, whether the gentlemen involved can prove it or not.

"Nice Girls" are particularly susceptible.

Merely knowing that he's a bastard brings out something akin to the mother instinct in these dolls, but instead of mothering you they try to *understand* you. The nice thing about it is that they invariably make extra allowances for you, excusing you in advance for future transgressions. And they work twice as hard for you as they would for someone with a proper past.

It all boils down to a question of "past."

Naturally, the man with a "past" is more interesting than the man whose entire life has been virginal in thought and deed. The man who obviously has been around, who has done glamorous things and loved (perhaps wronged) glamorous women, is a distinct challenge to today's modern girl, and when she captures him it's a real feather in her cap. It proves to her that *she* is more glamorous, more special, more interesting, etc., than all of the people and places with which he has filled his former life. This is lousy logic, but that's the way the feminine mind works.

One of the best gambits when meeting a beautiful and presumably beddable girl for the first time is to imply from the start that you're at least ninety percent bastard. This can be done in a number of ways, all designed to pique her curiosity.

"Pardon me, Miss," you might say,

"but you remind me of a girl I once met in Shanghai. You couldn't be—"

"No," she smiles, "I've never been out of the country."

"You have the same type of international beauty. I'm rather glad you're *not* the one I had in mind," you add mysteriously.

"Oh?"

You laugh knowingly. "I'm afraid I'm not exactly popular with her. In fact, her father—a crack rifleman—swore he'd kill me if he ever set eyes upon me again. But tell me, were you born right here?"

She nods.

You shrug in disbelief. "I didn't think Los Angeles was capable of producing anything as beautiful as you." (Or Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Seattle, etc.—depending upon where you are.)

"Thank you." She may try to edge away.

"I know this is irregular, but I've always been a bit improper—would you have lunch with me?"

"No, thank you. I've already eaten."

"A drink, then. I promise to behave." This last statement implies that "behaving" is something alien to your nature.

"But I don't even know you," she protests.

"That's easily taken care of. I'm Harley Alexander, and you are . . . ?"

"Virginia Conway—but I still don't see why I should let you buy me a drink."

"Because you are a beautiful, charming and intelligent woman and I would enjoy buying you a drink. Isn't that reason enough? And I promise not to seduce you until we've known each other much longer. Shall we?" At this point you offer her your arm and the odds are with you that she'll take it, because if she continues to refuse she'll look like an absolute schnook.

Once you're seated in your favorite cocktail lounge and have a pair of drinks before you, you can further introduce yourself as somewhat of an adventurer, a rolling stone, a man who disdains the settled life and prefers to take his pleasure where he finds it.

"Never before," you tell her, "have I been so completely entranced by an unknown face and figure as I was with yours a few moments ago. I suppose after so many years of kicking around in this old world that you develop a sort of sixth sense that enables you to tell at a glance—"

(Continued on next page)

by Selwyn Wells

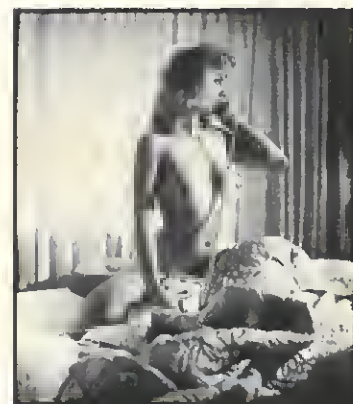
So be a BASTARD

**KNIGHTS OF
THE BAR
SINISTER
WIND UP WITH
THE BEST
WENCHES!**

Article



Women love to be told
they're beautiful —
especially if the
one who says it has
obviously been around!



woman will be exciting, even if all I do is buy her a drink.' Are you married?"

"No," she admits.

"Would you do me the further honor of having dinner with me tonight?" you ask quickly.

"Of course."

PICK HER UP at her place and drive to one of the finest restaurants in town. But as you enter the place, freeze, grab her hand and hiss into her ear: "Follow me — I'm terribly sorry but I can't be seen here." Before she has a chance to react, steer her out the door and hurry to your car.

"What's the matter?" she asks.

"An old personal score that I'd prefer to settle some other time," you tell her cryptically. "I'd just as soon not have it interfere with a wonderful evening."

Take her then to another place, almost as nice as the first, and keep it gay. Refuse steadfastly to talk about your reason for leaving the first restaurant. (Of course, the only reason you ducked out fast was to impress her with a mysterious past — there really was no one there for you to avoid.)

She'll worry about this all evening. When you take her home, sink the hook deeper by warning her that if she receives any telephone calls asking about you that she's never heard of you.

"But why?" she'll want to know.

"I'll explain it all to you someday. If you have nothing planned for this weekend it might be nice to drive out to the beach, spend the afternoon under the sun and go dancing at night. All right?"

"I think that might be fun. But tell me what all this hocus-pocus is about."

"I wish I could, darling, but I don't dare. Perhaps, after we know each other better . . ."

Set a definite time for you to pick her up that weekend.

AND BE HALF an hour late. Explain that you had a little trouble on the way but nothing came of it. "I'm sure we won't be bothered at the beach," you tell her. "My apologies for letting anything like that delay me."

"Anything like *what*?"

Look at her speculatively for a moment, then shake your head. "I'm sorry. You'll just have to trust me."

By now she is in the position of having to earn *your* trust in order to

(Continued on next page)

Intrigue is one
of the prime
requisites
of romance
with a
gorgeous
girl
like
this!





satisfy her feminine curiosity. She knows that the best way to earn a man's trust is to make him fall in love with her — and the best way to do that is to hit him with both barrels, getting him emotionally *and* physically involved.

Which means you'll probably score that evening, after the dance. Be prepared for her to suggest stopping overnight at one of those charming and overpriced little beach cabanas.

After you've collected what you came for in the first place, she will ask you to explain your mysterious moves. Now is the time for the Grand Lie, which goes something like this:

"You see, darling, my name isn't really Harley Alexander at all, but it's as good a name as any and I've been using it for many years now. I thought I was safe here — that's why I relaxed and allowed myself the enjoyment of buying you a drink. But I was wrong — remember the restaurant?"

"Yes," she says breathlessly. "Just who did you see there, anyway?"

"One of my father's agents. I should have left town immediately, while there was still time. But I felt I owed you something more than a quick kiss and run."

"One of your father's agents?" she repeats. "Who is your father?"

"He's a very powerful man on the international scene. I'm sorry, but that's *all* I can tell you. He won't acknowledge me publicly, of course — never married my mother. But he provided funds for my education. And then, six years ago, the political climate changed, and he's been trying to get his hands on me ever since. Fortunately, I was tipped off in advance, and managed to leave the country just in time. I'm still running."

"And you stayed here, with your life in danger, just because of *me*?"

You smile. "Did I do wrong?"

You have already done wrong at least twice — once on the bed, once in telling such a nice young lady such a whopper. But if you play the entire scene with sufficient *savoir faire*, she'll be your willing companion for as long as you want her.

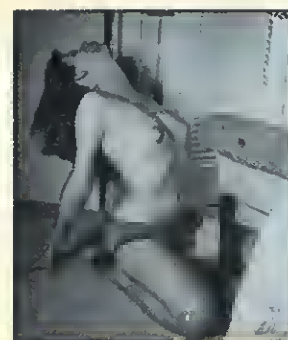
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The Grand Lie can make an International Playboy out of a home - grown pauper, and if the Lie is fantastic enough . . .



. . . even the most worldly of women will snap at the bait, absolutely hypnotized by the glamour of being involved with him!



She'll probably even suggest that you immediately live together as man and wife to throw the hounds off the track as *they* will of course be looking for a single man on the move. It goes without saying that you cannot marry her — you can't risk even the smallest amount of publicity.

Later, when you're ready to leave her, the break can be sharp and clean.

You simply disappear, leaving some of your clothing behind as keepsakes.

She'll cry bitter tears, of course, and worry about you, but for your protection she won't dare go to the police or have anyone search for you. A week or so later, from 'the other side of the country (or from Mexico, maybe), you have a letter mailed to her, assuring her that you're all right,

but that you probably will never see her again.

"I shall always remember," you conclude, "the one woman in the world who so completely entranced me from the moment I met her. Although we shall never meet again, my love goes with you always."

• • •



She loves her fatherless Romeo, and will give her all to keep him safe from the clutches of the ungodly — even if it means never seeing him again.





Jim was eager to

FAVOR FOR A FRIEND

By George H. Smith

"JIM, YOU'RE MY best friend, aren't you?" Sam Werner said, as the 7:40 reached the outskirts of Westport and slowed for the station.

Jim Stevens looked up from the paperback book he was reading and smiled. "I've always hoped that I was, old man," he said.

"Well . . . that's why . . . that's why I've got to talk to you about this. I couldn't stand to even mention it to anyone else."

"Then by all means let's hear it."

"It's . . . well, I'm pushing forty-eight and . . . well, Jo-Anne is only thirty and . . . well, she's at the height of her . . . physical . . . ah . . . ability and . . . well, the doctor tells me that I have to slow down . . ."

"I don't think I understand," Jim said, beginning to think that he did.

"Damn it, man, Jo-Anne is too much for me! I need help. I need help from my best friend."

The paperback fell to the floor and lay unnoticed as Jim stared at his friend.

"But, Sam, I . . ."

"I know you have a wife of your own but I also know that while you two are sexually pretty well adjusted you . . . well you could handle quite a bit more than you're getting at home. And quite a bit more is what I've got to deal with."

"But, Sam . . . Jo-Anne has always seemed such a quiet girl. You know what I mean, none of the flirting like the other wives do . . . no

rumor of scandal . . . just a nice, quiet, lady-like girl."

"She is a nice, quiet, lady-like girl but she is also sexually very active. You don't know these quiet girls, Jim. It was wonderful when we first got married but now . . . I'm just not up to it any more but I still love her and . . . well, I can't stand to have her unhappy."

"But how . . . I mean . . . what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to prove you're my best friend . . . I want you to take some of it off my hands."

"I . . . but how would Jo-Anne feel about this?" Jim asked. "I mean, there's never been anything between us . . . not even a suggestion of anything."

"We've already discussed it. We talked over everyone we know. Jo-Anne made a list of men we know that she felt . . . well, that she felt could excite her. We eliminated all the bachelors because we didn't want any emotional entanglements and of those who were left we finally narrowed it down to Brad Edman and you. We both agreed that you would be the more satisfactory."

"I'm sure that's very flattering but . . ."

"Do you remember the time I covered that check for you? Do you remember when you didn't have the money back three or four years ago and your mother needed that opera-

tion? You remember how I came through?"

"Yes, I remember but aren't you kind of putting on the pressure?"

"All right . . . I'll take off the pressure. Forget about the check and forget about the operation. Think about Jo-Anne. Tell me truthfully—haven't you ever thought that you would like to sleep with her?"

"Ah . . . Jo-Anne has always been so demure that . . ."

"Demure? She's demure all right. Demure until she gets into bed. Why, man, you can't imagine what she's like when she gets between the sheets."

"I . . . I'm beginning to imagine it."

"Then you'll do it?"

"Well . . . I mean . . . how would we work it out?"

"Jo-Anne and I talked that part of it over too. You'll tell Mert that you'll be taking the late train from now on but you'll go on taking this one. That will give you an hour in the evenings, an hour which I will spend in Tony's Bar while you spend it in Paradise."

"Ah . . . yes, I suppose that would work out."

"And of course we'll do the same thing in the morning. That will give you a half-hour which I'll spend in the Barrel Grill having ham and eggs while you have heaven in your arms."

"Well, yes. I suppose we could do that," Jim said.

"And then you'll have to arrange to take off two or three hours in the afternoon at least twice a week so that you can meet Jo-Anne in this little apartment we keep in town."

"Now see here, isn't this quite a bit . . ."

"And then there's the weekends . . . instead of our Saturday golf, you'll be with Jo-Anne all morning."

"Yes, and what will you be doing?"

"Why, I'll be pushing a golf ball around while you're pushing . . ."

The train whistle blowing for their stop drowned out the rest of Sam's words and both men began to gather their hats, coats and briefcases to get off.

"BRAD, YOU'RE ONE of my best friends, aren't you?" Jim Stevens was saying to Brad Edman several weeks later as the 7:40 reached the outskirts of Westport and slowed for the station.

Brad Edman looked up from his copy of the *Wall Street Journal* and smiled until he noticed how tired and worn Jim was looking. "I've always thought so, old fellow," he said seriously.

"Well . . . that's why . . . that's why I've got to talk to you about this thing. I just couldn't stand to mention it to anyone else."

"Yes, old man?"

"Well, it's about Jo-Anne Werner . . . I'd like to ask my best friend for a little help."



By Paul Engle

KISSES

FOR KUMQUATS

GIRLS ARE NUMBERED by every intelligent young man as some of the finest things in life—but every intelligent young man unfortunately doesn't know how to handle all of the various types he is likely to encounter in his day-to-day travels. Therefore, it is with a spirit of good will towards men and an attitude of general helpfulness that we present the following:

The girl is stacked, and has a certain available air about her. But you suspect she isn't an easy pick-up.

The locale is a coffee-shop, or other public eating place. Perhaps a public drinking place—but your chances of meeting her here are slight. She's not the type who frequents bars alone.

If you're already there when she comes in, quietly pay your bill and depart. Wait a few minutes, re-enter the joint and sit down beside her.

Don't say anything that would sound like you're trying to drum up a conversation. But when the waitress arrives, ask for the most outlandish order you can think of. Like a banana split, with pickles instead of bananas, and an order of wheaties dumped over the top. Coffee with a slice of lemon. Cheesecake a la mode with strawberry syrup over all. A baked potato with Worcestershire sauce. A catsup sundae, with pine-

apple ice cream. Kumquats and sour cream, garnished with cinnamon sticks.

Anything—as long as it's so unusual that the waitress will make a fuss over it. Rest assured, the girl will be aware of what you ordered, and as you *look* like an all right guy, she'll be curious. Insist to the waitress that you like it that way.

While waiting for your order, take a pack of filter-tips from your pocket, remove one cigarette, open your pocket knife and carefully cut the filter off. Light the cigarette. You don't have to watch her—she'll be watching you.

WHEN YOUR OUTLANDISH order arrives, you have already hidden the nearest salt-shaker, so you lean towards the girl and ask her in a friendly tone, "Would you pass the salt, please?"

She watches, spellbound, as you sprinkle a pinch of salt in your coffee, then twist the lemon over it. Very seriously you return the salt to her.

"Could I exchange this for the sugar?" you ask politely.

She gives you the sugar. You measure out one teaspoonful and sprinkle it on your baked potato.

"Thank you," you say, returning the sugar.

Now, with gusto, you start to eat

what's before you. The girl will gulp and turn her attention somewhere else.

"Would you like some?" you ask her.

"No, thank you," she says coldly. "I don't see how you can eat it that way."

"It's all a matter of taste. I decided long ago that people generally eat what they're used to—and it occurred to me that they often cheat themselves out of some real good eating by not trying new combinations. Go ahead—try some."

"No, thanks. I'll take your word that it's good."

"See, you're a coward. You've already decided that you don't like it."

"Do you do *anything* the accepted way?"

"Not if I can help it. Have more fun that way. Of course, I drive on the right-hand side of the street, and wear clothes when I'm in public. I've never used a ladies' powder room, for instance. But where I have a choice or an opportunity not to conform to the habits of the herd, I exercise that choice."

SHE SMILES. "You're a thinking man, then," she says.

"And I smoke Viceroy's. Of course, as a Thinking Man, I don't believe the filter does a damn bit of good, so

(Continued on next page)

It takes an unusual man to pull off this unusual approach successfully, but the results are worth it!





I remove the filter. The rest of it has a pretty nice taste."

"You're not worried about cancer, then?"

"Life is too short to worry. I believe in living each day as it comes along — doing the things I want to do, eating what I want to eat, conforming only when I *choose* to conform. And it pays off."

"Oh? How?"

"Well, for one thing, if I'd ordered steak and potatoes, or a hamburger, you would never have spoken to me. As it is, we're practically old friends."

"Well, I wouldn't exactly say that," she protests.

"Tsk, tsk! You're conforming again. Why don't we take in a show tonight or go park somewhere and neck?"

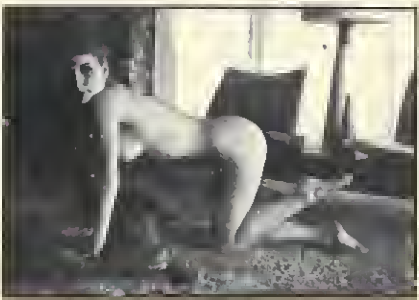
She grins. "If you promise not to eat onions."

"Never touch them when I'm planning a seduction," you tell her. By this time, she's growing used to your doing and saying the unexpected, so the information that you plan to seduce her is accepted along with the rest of your unconventionality.

Before she has a chance to comment one way or another you leap into the breach with an offhand, "You know, you're pretty unconventional, yourself."

"I am?" Suddenly you're talking about her favorite subject — her —

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If the Unconventional Operator catches her off-balance, she won't know what happened until the next morning . . .



and she's surprised again.

"Sure," you say. "The usual thing is for a girl to be good looking, or for her to try to be. But you're so much more than that that you could never be called 'usual'. Your beauty is your first unconventionality."

"Thank you."

"And your courage is your second. Deep down inside you've always known yourself to be different, and you've always been willing to try something new. In fact, if I were to say that you're like all the rest you'd be insulted — and rightly so, because you're *not* like all the rest."

"Neither are you," she says.

"You're absolutely right. We're two of a kind, we're a matched pair. But still we're *different* from each other . . ."

"We are?"

"Of course! Now let's go some-

where where it's private and I'll show you just *how* different we are."

"I — ah — I don't really think I ought to . . ." she falters.

"Ah, ah!" you caution. "You're being conventional again!"

She grins. "So I am. Lets go."

NOW, THE OBVIOUS beauty to this approach is that you begin by creating an atmosphere wherein *anything* is possible, and no pattern of conduct is forbidden — except the conventional. And as *you* are the one who's up on unconventionality, you are automatically the leader. You call the shots. Any time she does something you don't like, you simply accuse her of being conventional.

And before the young lady has had a chance to think things through, she's been had, but royally.

Don't let this routine bother your

conscience one bit, though, because the odds are with you that she'll not only enjoy what happens later on, but she'll be running back for more, because the entire evening will be so different from her usual pattern of life, and so exciting to boot, that she won't want it to stop with just one evening.

Remember one thing and you'll make out with satisfying regularity — keep it happy, keep it gay, and don't let your unconventional approach include the muddy, moody philosophy of the "angry young men" who try to explain life and fight glorious causes. Your only battle cry should be one of impulsive fun and happiness, in a world which you share with the girls, a world wherein everything is possible, everything is good and the goal is to have more fun than you've ever had before.

...

GIRL OF THE GOLDWYN WEST

THE WORDS
"HOLLYWOOD
HILLS" MEAN
MORE THAN
JUST ACTING
EXPERIENCE!



In Hollywood, there is an area known as the "Hollywood Hills" — a few hundred acres of uneven terrain populated by several thousand "typical" Hollywoodians — among which are found a fair percentage of pretty girls. Our "Girl of the Goldwyn West" has some pretty intriguing hills of her own, and is sure to be a smash success in this town where Talent is measured in Inches. Fortunately for the male half of the population, wide-screen techniques have already been developed, allowing developments like hers to be fully appreciated.



PITY THE POOR MAN who has to pay for his entertainment night after night after night. Although he knows he gets exactly what he pays for, he never has the joy of a satisfying non-

commercial encounter. In case you, dear reader, are numbered among the play for pay customers, lend an ear to a few startling facts . . .

Some girls do it for fun.

Now, we're talking about going out with men, of course. We're not talking about cooking dinner or driving fast cars, although there are girls who do both quite well with no thought of pay.

In case this news shocks you, there's something else you should know . . .

The girls who do it for fun are so close to you that you can almost reach out and touch them. All you have to do is look, and ask a few leading questions.

There's the doll at the lunch counter where you have "coffee and" every day. You've noticed her, of course, because she's nicely stacked. You like the way her eyes sparkle, the way her hair shines, the way she holds her shoulders well back to showcase those pointed charms. And you regret the fact that she won't do it for money.

Mister, you're sick! Have you ever thought of trying to get it for free?

Now, the main differences between paying it and playing it is a matter of timing. With the professional, you dicker price. If you're an old hand at it, you dicker some more. But with the amateur — and an amateur is a girl who does it because she loves it — you have to sneak up on her with the idea. You cloak your major purpose in a covering of innocent fun. Like a movie — although movies have certain disadvantages.

ABETTER ANGLE, especially during the summer months, is a carnival, fair, amusement park, etc., because each of these is loaded with rides designed specifically to help you attain your goal.

No matter where you live, you're sure to find such a spot not over forty-five minutes driving time away.

And only about one girl in a hundred can resist the lure of the carousel, the smell of canvas and sawdust, the heady excitement afforded by the carnival. All you have to do is ask.

Maybe you've never exchanged more than a few words — but go ahead and ask.

"Do you like cotton candy?" you say.

"Sure," she replies. "Why?"

(Or maybe she says "No.")

"There's a carnival over in Jonesburg," you tell her. (If she says "No"

you agree with her, but tell her about the carnival anyway.)

"I like carnivals," she says.

You smile. "I do too — but I hate to go to a carnival alone. Maybe the two of us . . ."

"I get off at seven-thirty. Would that be too late?"

"We could be there in an hour, and then have something to eat. They don't start to swing until around nine, anyway."

"Sounds like fun."

"I'll pick you up, okay?"

"Well, I'd have to change clothes."

"Be my guest. We can drop by your place on the way."

The deal is now made — and it was easier than calling up a pro and telling her to meet you at ten. Of course, you're not sure if you'll score, but the odds are with you. Here's why:

EVERY RIDE on the fairgrounds, carnival lot or amusement park is designed to be enjoyed by *two* people. Every ride makes a point of throwing you as close together as is physically possible. Every ride shakes you up, stirs your blood, and awakens your animal instincts.

Some of them exist for the sole purpose of scaring hell out of you. This is good — if you're on your toes you can turn a girl's temporary fear into something a lot more profitable later on.

Psychologically, the presence of danger on the one side and the protective arm of her male escort on the other awakens a sort of racial memory in the human female, harkening back to the days when the male was the girl's physical protector against the day-to-day terrors of primitive life. For a dollar or so, amusement operators re-create that memory. Long after the ride is over, her subconscious still feels that she owes you something for your protection.

A step by step analysis of your journey through the evening might go like this:

TILT-A-WHIRL: You're seated in a revolving bucket on a constantly tilting floor, with a steel bar holding you in. The object is to make the bucket revolve at neck-snapping speed, which can be accomplished by throwing the weight of your bodies with the motion of the car. Lots of physical contact, opportunities for hand-holding, general dizzy sensation. The important thing: *you are there beside her.*

AIRPLANE: The "plane", another

(Continued on next page)



By Jules Jackson

SOME GIRLS DO IT FOR FUN

IT'S A LOT MORE
FUN WHEN YOU

START OFF WITH AN EVENING AT THE LOCAL
FAIRGROUNDS TO SOFTEN HER UP FOR THE
MOST WONDERFUL TIME OF HER
LIFE---- WITH YOU, OF COURSE!

bucket with wings controlled by a steering wheel, is fastened to the end of a long boom, and either travels a vertical or horizontal circular path. Centrifugal force holds you firmly against the seat; the erratic movement caused by manipulating the steering wheel throws you physically together. Put your arm

things, you have all the excuse you need to hold her tightly as the car approaches the first drop. In order to be heard over the clanking of the mechanism, you have to pull her close to you and shout in her ear. Keep her close, squeeze tightly during the drop, giving her a chance to bury her head between your neck

lose her.

FUN HOUSE: This chamber of horrors and surprises gives you the opportunity you've been waiting for to make your point. After three or four shockers (the stack of barrels which tumbles towards you, the skeleton which appears from nowhere, the flight of stairs which becomes a

FERRIS WHEEL: This is your last stop, and you hurry for it before her ardor has a chance to cool. Once you're locked in the swinging seat and are on your way to the top, you pull her close and kiss her with meaning. Your hands, too, communicate your meaning. In the vast majority of cases, girls respond delight-

wheel isn't *that* private! **EFFECT:** *All that matters to her now is being alone with her valiant protector.*

RUSH HER NOW to the car (your timing will be all fouled up if another couple has come along with you, as you will be faced with the problem of collecting them) and

Now, where's the advantage over professional talent? You spent the same amount of money on the carnival as you would have the other way — perhaps a bit more — but it's simply a matter of initial investment. *Next* time, the only thing you'll be out of pocket for will be dinner and then you take her to your place to

The "dangers" of a good carnival can

awaken any girl's primitive urges!



around her at the outset and keep it there. **EFFECT:** *Without you there, it wouldn't be any fun at all.*

ROLLER COASTER: By now, a feeling of intimacy is established, so it's time to brave violent death together. Since everybody's screaming and doing all manner of uncivilized

and shoulder. **EFFECT:** *Pure primitive fear, but you're there to protect her.*

HOUSE OF MIRRORS: Good chance for extended hand-holding and general hilarity. You don't want to get separated. **EFFECT:** *She feels wanted because you don't want to*

slippery slide, etc.) you grab her in your arms and kiss her soundly. Since everything is unexpected, this, too, catches her off guard, and before she knows it she's responding with enthusiasm. **EFFECT:** *Her fright is turning into passion, because you're beside her.*

fully to this treatment, and you have ample opportunity to kindle fires of desire in her. The Ferris wheel provides privacy of sorts, and a feeling of isolation together as you look out at the world from the top of the wheel. You're within minutes of scoring, but take care — a Ferris

drive off with a girl who is ready, willing and able to share with you a greater joy than the outdoor showmen are able to sell for two bits a ticket. Emotionally, she's riding the crest of a tidal wave of passion, and it's up to you to take full advantage of the situation.

listen to records. If you were any good that first night, she'll be anxious for a repeat performance — and chances are she'll still be there in the morning to cook breakfast.

Are you satisfied now, friend, that some girls do it for fun? •••

FUROR OVER FUDGE

**When Pamela made Fudge
in the 'Bathtub'
all hell broke loose!**

THEY SAY THE LINE between comedy and tragedy is very thin. As a matter of conjecture I would say it is only a matter of semantics and relativity.

To illustrate my point, I would like to quote two letters, one written by my favorite girlfriend. Her name is Pamela and at the time she wrote the letter she was a ripe and precocious six years of age.

Pamela's mother and father (I'm her godfather) are very intelligent people. They believe in moderate progressive education, early sex training, self expression, and they treat Pamela accordingly. They are a wonderfully integrated family, and I have spent many pleasant moments in their company.

The now famous, or infamous, letter was sent by Pamela to her mother when she was vacationing in Maine. One day I received the following special delivery.

Dear Walt:

Before I left I addressed and stamped some envelopes for Pam, telling her to write to me when she felt like it. Today I received the enclosed letter. Please do not destroy it as I consider it the most diabolical masterpiece I've ever read.

You know how George is. Except in case of dire emergency, I'm not to call or do anything to spoil my vacation. We believe in separate ones you know. I know he is taking care of Pam, but, before I go stark raving mad, please investigate quietly and let me know if the house is a

shambles, especially the bathroom. In the meantime, I promise not to worry. Much!

Love,
Janice

The diabolical masterpiece read as follows:

Dere Mom:

Today I made Fudge in the bathtub. Have a nice vacashun.

Your luvvin dawter,
Pamela

P.S. I din't get the kichen durty.

Anyone can readily see why Janice was disturbed. After I laughed, hard, for a good five minutes, I could too.

Let us study this "masterpiece."

This is definitely not a simple composition. It is worthy of a Proust or a Wolfe. The main body is composed of only eleven words. But, what a world of meaning they convey. What pregnant possibilities, what joy, what cheer, what a place to make Fudge. In the bathtub!

Now, let us delve further into this mystery. In the first place, just what is a bathtub? Semantically, one would guess it to be a tube in which one bathes. Janice and George have a modern house which incorporates some strange innovations, but I've never seen anything in their bathroom that would qualify as a bathtub.

At the risk of being lectured seriously by Pamela, for I'm sure she would have a perfectly rational explanation as to why it should be

spelled that way, I honestly believe the word should be bathtub. Anyway we'll leave it as bathtub and go on to the next imbroglio.

Why did she capitalize Fudge? Well, I thought it over for quite some time and put it down to the fact that Pamela, knowing it to be one of the good things in life, thought it deserved capitalization. Words like Circus, Soda Pop, Movies, and others of such ilk, would be in the same category as Fudge. Conversely, words like spinach, soap, bedtime, whipping, would be relegated to the realm of non-capitalization. Personally I've always felt the word Sex should be in the former category. But, I digress.

Now, let us analyze the first sentence. *Today I made Fudge in the bathtub.* "Today", of course, conveys a certain sense of immediacy, and is self-explanatory. "I made Fudge" can be freely translated to mean "I made candy".

This brings to mind that delightful old fashioned custom. All sorts of pleasant thoughts fill one's mind; delicious aromas, conviviality, togetherness, stomach aches.

Progressing further we come to the kicker, so to speak — "in the bathtub (bathtub)". Since we are being scholarly, leave us dwell on the enormity of those three little words.

With a velvet glove, our serenity is suddenly jolted into abject horror. Concocting a delicious confection with a few squares of chocolate, several cups of sugar, a dash of butter, a pan, a cup of cold water for testing, a spoon; Ah! what grand cheer.

However, substitute a bathtub for the pan, a barrel of water instead of a cup, a shovel? Then, with fear and trembling we are forced to contemplate the ingredients, which, relatively speaking, must certainly conform to the capacity of the cooking utensils. Pamela, being a purist, would certainly have it no other way. Looking on the bright side for a moment, this would, of course, rule out peanut butter.

One can readily see that an ordinary batch of fudge makin's in a bathtub would be simply at large. Hence, we are forced to envision several twenty-five pound bags of sugar, a gross of chocolate squares, and at least a firkin of butter.

Now, whether we want to or not, we are forced to ruminate the actual mechanics of mixing the ingredients. Did Pamela mix with a shovel? Or did she trample it with her bare feet?



We definitely cannot rule out the latter as I once took her on a visit to a winery in Napa Valley. Did she wear a bathing suit?

Of course, there is also the problem of cleanliness. Did Pamela scrub out the bathtub with Lysol first? Did she rinse well enough? Or (and we must not rule out the possibilities) were there stray scrofula or bubonic plague germs extant in the bathtub before the cooking festivities began? Pamela, I'm sure, was absolutely sure nothing as inconsequential as a germ would dare show its face while she was indulging in her orgy of culinary artistry.

Finally, to cook, one must have heat. Did Pamela build a fire under the bathtub? Impossible. They have a sunken tub. This left only one possibility. Build a fire under the house!

This latter thought disturbed me considerably and without trying to analyze the rest of the letter — how on earth she managed not to get the kitchen dirty — I rushed over to investigate the whole matter at the actual scene of the holocaust.

To my utter surprise the house was still standing. Breathlessly, I rang the doorbell and George, attired in slippers, slacks, and a rather flamboyant smoking jacket, let me in. He was the absolute picture of serenity. Cursing his lackadaisical way of living, I ran to the bathroom. It was spotless.

Feeling like an utter ass, I went back to the living room and promptly

stated, "Boy, what a relief."

"Been drinking beer again?" George asked.

"What!" I said. Then, getting what he meant, I plopped myself down in a bit of modern chair and roared raucous laughter for a full ten minutes.

"Tell me," I said to George when my laughter subsided, "has Pamela made fudge lately?"

"Well, I wouldn't put it past her," George answered. "They're practically inseparable since he moved in next door."

"He . . . moved . . . in . . . next . . . door?" I said it slowly as a burning question.

"He," said George, "is a little boy Pam's age. His actual name is Herman. Pamela detests his name. She decided to call him Fudge, and I quote 'because he's so damned sweet'."

The next day I sent the following wire to Janice:

RELAX. FUDGE IS LITTLE BOY WHO MOVED IN NEXT DOOR. PAM CALLS HIM THAT BECAUSE HE IS SWEET.

The following morning I received this answer:

THANKS. SHE GETS MORE LIKE HER FATHER EVERY DAY. HOO-RAH FOR EROTIC PLAY.

As I said, they are a very progressive family. . . .



SO YOU'VE FOUND yourself another woman, is that the story? I heard about what happened with the last one — sheer stupidity on your part, if you don't mind my saying so. Did I hear you say something about "never again?"

But this one is different, you say?

Sure she is. Look, friend — I like you. You're like a brother, and I hate to see you get burned. That's what'll happen if you continue playing with fire. But you're also like a moth, and Woman is the flame which draws you constantly towards your destruction. First thing you know you're flying in circles, ever nearer, and then *poof!* — there you went.

Let me tell you a thing or two, words of wisdom born of long experience in this game, and then if you wish you can go your suicidal way. I doubt if it'll do a hell of a lot of good, but I'll tell you anyway.

Let me tell you about love . . .

LOVE IS THE delusion that one woman differs from another. Believe me, if there is any difference, it's a matter of degree, not of kind.

Love is rationalized lust — a psycho-bio-chemical reaction with a lot of sticky tradition to back it up.

Love is a disease of the heart; its symptoms show up as poor eyesight, poor judgment and a general lack of interest in everything but the "love object." In your case, that broad you're flipping over today.

Love is anything you think it is at the time.

Love is probably the most beautiful thing in the world. You should let it happen to you with satisfying regularity.

WOMEN ARE USUALLY a hell of a lot of fun to have around, my friend, as long as you're careful never to take them seriously. Women were never intended to be taken too seriously — even women of high intelligence. This one fact, believe me, can be your Key to Happiness. That, coupled with a realization that it is Woman herself, that ethereal creature of a thousand delights and a thousand faces, whom you are in love with — be her name Aphrodite, Diana, Venus or Penelope. The point is, she is seldom any *one* woman, but often a distillation of the best of *several* women. And in order to keep a workable turn-over in effect, you have to plan ahead. Your plans for seduction should invariably include loopholes for dissolving the relation-

ship whenever it proves mutually unprofitable.

Now, if you're a man who has been brought up on the standard pap of the moralists and the mass circulation magazines, you may think that intentionally disillusioning the little sweethearts is a dastardly thing for a man to do. Nevertheless, it must be done if you are going to reap the rewards of The Good Life, which consists of having a variety of beautiful women passionately in love with you for at least as long as it takes you to become bored with them. It's easy to become bored with any individual woman — but impossible to become bored with Woman.

In short, love 'em and leave 'em — and let them go on to a more satisfying alliance with someone new. Women get bored, too, you know.

Such a preachment goes against the grain of those who insist that the Family is everything and must be preserved at all costs. Many sociologists, however, contend that the Family is an outmoded and unnecessary social structure in a mechanized, unionized and automotive culture. Families were fine and necessary things back in the days of the stagecoach and the pony express, when life was essentially agricultural — but today they're about as necessary as spigots on a boar.

In the modern context, religious and moral responsibility is meaningless. Many socialologists also feel that monogamous marriage, the one-man-one-woman-till-death-do-us-part bit, is one of the most impractical relationships you could come up with for modern society.

Unfortunately for the man who agrees and would like to pattern his life along more polygamous lines, the law generally lags about fifty years behind what is needed at any given moment in history, so it's illegal for you to *marry* three or four women at a time.

But it's not nearly as illegal for you to consort with three or four women *to whom you're not married* at one time.

If you prefer, you can finish with one before casting about for another, but that leaves a gap in several areas of your life — a gap which could be filled if you were to keep at least two broods in your stable at all times.

There is nothing quite as unhappy as a woman who discovers that the man she's living with has fallen out of love — especially if they've made

(Continued on next page)

romance on the rocks? let's try it

ONCE MORE WITH FEELING



the marriage scene. The real trouble is that she, being a foolish, romantic woman, has expected the magic to last a lifetime. You, being a callous, cold-blooded male, probably realized at the outset that in time you'd become bored with her and want to get rid of her.

Your mistake was in not warning her of this possibility in advance, wasn't it? Come on, now — own up

to it. Or maybe you sincerely believed the till-death-do-us-part hogwash yourself.

Anyway, you know better now. Let's get back to the new broad who just came onto your horizon. She's exciting, witty, pleasant, charming, provocative, sexy — plus most of the other qualities you find irresistible in a woman. If you're lucky, you can convince her that you're everything

she's been looking for in a man. In fact, that's the way it seems to be working out.

And you're slowly going blind!

Before it's too late, let's pause and examine the situation. I realize that you're convinced that *this time it's for real*.

Poppycock! It was every bit as real last time, and you know it. The same thing is happening all over again. The same glow, the same feeling that she's perfect and she's all you ever needed to make your life complete.

For just one minute, friend, come down off that cloud and look at yourself. *Know thyself. To thine own heart be true.* Etc. Take a good, long look and find out what sort of a guy you really are — and tell her.

That's right, clue her in. Tell her that you tend to bore easily, and that the things you think today are wonderful about her, you may consider tomorrow to be not quite up to snuff. Tell her you don't dare make long-term promises that you might not be able to keep. Tell her that you're willing to make a try at the sort of relationship she's after, but you won't guarantee a thing!

She's so impressed with this massive dose of honesty that (if your preliminary footwork has been effective) she's now convinced that it's entirely up to her to make the relationship



Women love to fall in love — it makes them feel more feminine. The wise man protects himself by showing signs of boredom early in the game.



When she thinks her man is bored with her, she works doubly hard to please him.

work out. She'll knock herself out to prove to you that she's different than all of those other broads you hinted at — the ones who bored you to tears after the first few months.

She'll come on strong with the domestic bit, and probably suggest that the two of you share a pad for a while to see how you make out. She's afraid to scare you off by strong hints of marriage. Now, here's where those definitions of love come in — the minute you start believing that she is different from the rest, brother, you're hooked.

Remember this: carry it with you

next to your heart: even if you have had no symptoms of boredom, start showing a few from time to time. Remind her gently that you still tend to bore easily. A little thought will give you a dozen tactful ways to get the idea across.

Then watch her redouble her efforts to straighten up.

The beauty of this little ploy is that you have warned her in advance, and you have refused to guarantee a thing. As long as it interests you, be sure to be worth her hanging on to — but the minute she *really* bores you, you've got an out ready-made.

Now that you've found yourself another woman, friend, don't make the mistake of believing your own standard line — that she is *it*. Prepare yourself to find still another — and another — and another — ad infinitum.

Because you're not actually in love with this particular woman, but with Woman herself, as she reveals herself to you in her many guises. The difference is only a matter of degree, not of kind. As long as you remember this, you'll have the grandest love affair of your life — and you'll hardly ever be bored at all! • • •

*There's something about a blonde that other girls don't have,
Maybe it's in her bustline or around her curvesome calve,
Perhaps it's in her feet, conceivably in her hair,
But no matter what it is, or where, we're glad as hell it's there.
Perhaps it's just an aura, a feeling of velvet thighs,
Perhaps it's somewhere else, like maybe in her eyes,
Or possibly the way she walks, or her epidermis bare,
But no matter what it is, or where, we're glad as hell it's there.*





She'll even cavort au naturel
in the woods, trying to learn
from Mother Nature the se-
crets of how to keep a man . .



... but her man makes a
point of staying at least
one jump ahead of her at
all times, making her do
most of the work to keep
the flame of love alive.

A MINK FOR MILLIE

Freddy wanted
to see Millie
in mink....but
Millie had
other ideas!

by Larry Maddlock



ONCE UPON A LONG AGO (it was last week), there lived a charming young man named Fredrik Phillpott. All of his female relatives thought he was charming, his high school teachers were convinced he was a little doll, and he was making a better-than-average impression now on the mail girl at the office where he worked.

The mail girl, incidentally, was about as female a girl as one could wish for. She packed an excitingly firm 38-C, a pleasantly supple 22 and a gratifyingly flaring 36 into her even five feet of fabulous femininity — topping the entire curvilinear confection with as sweetly sexy a face as anyone in the office had ever seen.

Her name was Millicent Malone.

Fredrik Phillpot was impressed, enraptured, enchanted, hypnotized and overwhelmed, which put him in the same reaction class with every other male within a two-mile radius.

Like every other male, he decided that this would be very nice stuff to come home to — but unlike ninety percent of his “competition,” he was convinced that he could make the dream a reality if he applied the proper pressures at the proper time. What he was after, or course, was improper results.

Fred had learned long ago that the more beautiful the girl, the more numerous is that segment of her admirers which gives up after the first encounter, so he had made it a principle to go after the most beautiful girl first.

More “practical” males invariably assume that she’s dated up for six months in advance and don’t even try.

He was not unaware, of course, of his own considerable charm. Thus begins the saga of Fredrik Phillpott and Millicent Malone.

The outcome of said saga would be a foregone conclusion if it hadn’t been for another denizen of the desks, one Willie Wentworth, who had never dated a girl in his entire life. Willie, it seems, had just bought an under-the-counter pamphlet entitled *HOW TO MAKE A WOMAN*, and was staying up late every night studying.

A word about Willie before we return to Fredrik and Millicent: Willie Wentworth was, among other things, a virgin. This condition, among males, is not usually a serious affliction, and certainly should seldom be allowed to influence the development of a story, but when coupled with Willie’s proficiency for scientific endeavor (he had constructed his first radio set at

age four) it becomes suddenly significant.

Anyway, our Fredrik, who had already acquired something of a Flynn-like reputation, set his sights upon Millicent Malone. His first step was to notice her, vocally.

She delivered mail to his desk, so this was easily accomplished. “Well,” he said one day, “that is a beautiful outfit you’re wearing.”

“It’s nothing,” Millicent replied. “I’ve had it for years. But thank you anyway.”

“My pleasure. I’ve been watching you, Miss Malone, and I’ve come to a staggering conclusion.”

“Yes?”

“On you, anything would look fabulous.”

“Why, thank you, Mr. Phillpott.”

“Fred.”

“Millie,” she responded, smiling warmly.

“I’ll bet you look even better in a mink stole,” he ventured.

Her smile acquired a gleam of avarice. “I don’t think I’ve ever worn a mink stole,” she breathed.

“I just happen to have one at my apartment,” he informed her. “I bought it for someone else, but fortunately we changed our minds at the last minute. You know how things like that go.”

“I can imagine.”

“Maybe you’d like to try it on this evening?”

“That’s an idea, Freddie.”

“Shall I pick you up at seven — we’ll have dinner, maybe see a show.”

“I’d like that very much.”

END OF ACT ONE. Fred reflected to himself that that mink stole was the best \$900 investment he’d ever made — in the two years that he’d had it no less than twenty beautiful girls had tried their best to earn it. Fredrik Phillpott, unfortunately, was a man who bored easily, so none of them really qualified — but it was always good for two or three weeks of a girl’s devoted efforts.

IT IS NOW TIME to look in upon Willie Wentworth, who, when last seen, was studying a pamphlet called *HOW TO MAKE A WOMAN*. Willie is still at it, but now he is casting increasingly frequent glances at Millie as she makes her rounds with the mail.

Millie notices this, of course, but she doesn’t say anything. Several times he tries to speak to her, but each time his courage falters and he remains silent.

(Continued on next page)



A GAIN THE SCENE SHIFTS: Fredrik Phillpott and Magnificent Millicent were entering Freddy's apartment after a night on the town. Millie's eyes glowed with anticipation as Fred strode toward the closet and extracted his \$900 mink.

"Try it on," he said.

"Geel!" she breathed, slipping it about her shoulders.

"I have a full length mirror in the

bedroom," he suggested quietly.

Millicent stroked the fur and followed him further into the apartment. The mink, reflected in the full-length mirror, looked like a million bucks.

"I'll bet it would look even better," Freddy purred, "if all you were wearing was the mink."

"What time is it?" Millie asked quickly.

"Uh — eleven-thirty. Why?"

"My gosh! I promised the folks I'd be home in fifteen minutes. Do you think we can make it?"

"Can't you call them and say you will be late?"

"I could, Freddy darling, but they would never let me go out with you again. But if you get me home on time you can gain their confidence — and then later — uh — you know," she giggled.

Fred sighed. "Okay. It'll be a tight squeeze, but I think I can get you home on time. Let's put the fur away."

Fifteen minutes later, Freddy deposited a breathless Millicent on her doorstep. Quickly, she planted a brief peck on his cheek and slipped inside the door. "See you tomorrow, darling," she breathed.

Fredrik Phillpott drove slowly home, took out the mink and thoughtfully stroked the fur. Tomorrow night for sure, he promised himself, and then realized that they had been in so much of a hurry that he'd forgotten to ask for a date.

THE NEXT DAY at the office, he was in conference when Millie delivered the morning mail, so he didn't get a chance to ask her until mid-afternoon.

"I'm sorry, Freddy," she apologized, but I've already got a date for tonight. Next Wednesday's open, though."

"Wednesday it will be, then," he agreed, quietly fuming at whoever had beaten him to the punch.

The balance of the week dragged for Fredrik Phillpott; his only consolation lay in knowing that the mink bit was a sure-fire odds-on winner. The slight interruption in his plan could be ignored.

In the meantime, unknown to Freddy, Willie Wentworth was making great strides, having mastered the theory involved in *HOW TO MAKE A WOMAN*, and concentrating now on the actual practice.

MILLICENT MALONE showed up at work on that fateful Wednesday morning with her throat wrapped in a scarf. As she delivered Fredrik's mail, she pointed at her throat and handed him a note. It read:

Dearest Freddy —

I have a bad case of laryngitis, but I don't want to call off our date tonight. Suppose I meet you at your apartment at about eight — that'll give you time to have dinner (all I can eat is

juices, anyway) — and then if you turn the thermostat up we can see what that stole looks like . . . okay?

Millie

Freddy licked his lips in anticipation, giving her a broad wink as she passed by. That's what he liked — a girl who knows the score and is willing to play ball.

Accordingly, he had dinner alone that night, and got home at 7:45 to wait for Millicent. But when he opened the door, he found to his delight that she was already there, sitting patiently in a chair.

"How did you get in?" he asked.

Millie pointed at her throat and made a face.

"Oh," he said. "I suppose you talked to the janitor?"

She nodded enthusiastically.

"Is it warm enough in here for you?"

Again, the nod.

"Good. I'll get the coat and let's go back in the bedroom."

Once in the bedroom he placed the coat tenderly on the bed and turned to the girl. "Well, Millie, let's take off the clothes and see how you look."

Millie made no effort to remove her clothes; instead, she stood in front of him with a secret smile on her face and her arms slightly out from her body. Her entire pose was an invitation.

Fredrik Phillpott fairly drooled as he got the message. Slowly, he approached her, reached out and touched her. Sensing no resistance, he started unbuttoning her blouse.

Millicent only smiled.

In a few moments her blouse, skirt, slip and shoes were in a neat pile off to one side. Her smile remained undisturbed. In a flash the answer occurred to him: *She's self-conscious about doing it herself, but it's okay as long as it's done to her.* He rubbed his hands in anticipation, then unfastened the frothy lace bra which held her twin treasures in check. It, too, joined the pile of clothing.

Freddy could hardly contain himself as he viewed those magnificent mounds which rose and fell with her quiet breathing. With trembling hands he rolled her nylons down and off, then removed her black lace panties and garter belt.

"You're beautiful!" he breathed.

Millicent's eyes smiled at him while she shrugged her shoulders slowly and sensuously. With something close to reverence, he placed the mink stole about her perfect shoulders. As



he anticipated, it heightened her nudity.

"Do you like it?"

She nodded, regarding her reflection.

"Grrrk," she said.

"What?"

"Grrrk, zzzuk," she elaborated, her body vibrating like a suddenly activated tuning fork. Freddy stared in fascination at the twin mounds of

jello which oscillated slightly out of phase.

In a moment she was quiet again, still smiling.

Freddy stepped forward and gathered her warm flesh into his embrace. His lips met hers, his hands explored an acre or so of delightful femininity, and she said, "Click!"

"My darling," he purred into her
(Continued on next page)



Millie knew she looked good in mink, but Willie Wentworth had considerably more to offer . . . !

shell-like ear. "That coat can be yours, if you qualify."

And he pushed her gently down on the bed.

At that moment the telephone rang. "Damn!" But he answered it.

"Freddy?" a familiar voice said at the other end.

"Yes. Who is it?"

"It's me — Millie. How does the mink look?"

Fred gulped and flashed a quick glance at the nude girl who lay quietly on the bed. "But you're here!" he protested.

"No," she corrected sweetly, "that's an exact duplicate of me that Willie Wentworth made in his basement workshop."

"An — exact — duplicate?" Freddy gasped.

"To the tiniest detail. That's where I've been these last few nights — Willie was measuring me."

"Willie Wentworth? That little schnook who works in our office?"

"The same. He had to measure me before he could make me, darling. And he's not a schnook. We're being married next week."

"I — I didn't even know you knew him."

"Well, he's not very talkative. But he wrote me a letter, and told me he thought I was the ideal woman and he'd like to make a duplicate of me. It was very flattering, so I said okay."

Freddy looked longingly at the life-like robot sprawled naked on his bed, and gulped.

"And you know what?" Millie continued. "He had never even had a date with a girl before. And I've never gone out with anything but an experienced man. I guess the experienced ones were the only fellows who thought they had a chance with me. Anyway, Willie made the duplicate of me, and I'm going to marry Willie next week."

Fred was speechless, staring first at the phone and then at the robot.

"But if you want to — as sort of a consolation prize, darling — you can make the duplicate now."

The line was dead. Fredrik Phillpott, freelance philanderer, walked slowly over to the bed. He looked down at the invitingly life-like plastic reproduction of Millicent for several minutes. The robot smiled up at him and nodded.

Freddy gently removed the mink stole from her shoulders, buried his face in the fur and wept. . . .



HOT ICE

She's a sizzling
sparkling, moon-
splashed woman...
a combustible contra-
diction, glinting with
the forbidding depths
of a frozen pond...
faint fingers of
moonbeams dance across
her shimmering surface
and dart quickly away,
chilled by a hint...



... of evil. Hot ice
smolders, shooting
out spirals of steam,
to lure her prey with
a promise of
exquisite,
electrifying
warmth.
Flowing through
the ice is a
molten
volcano,
ready to
explode
and leap
into
searing
flame...

(Continued on next page)

... that's too hot
not to cool down.
By the light of a
new dawn, golden
sunlight works
its own warmth,
melting the
forbidding ice,
revealing a soft,
sensuous kitten
with velvet claws
and a contented
purr, basking on
the window ledge,
watchful and
waiting. Even a
sun-heated kitten
exudes an aura
of moody mystery

What does a kitten dream about? The glories of the star-strewn, ebony evening, when with one languid stretch and a yawn, the night lights and moonglow signal the magic transformation into a creature of fire and ice!



REWRITE (continued from page 5)

ing at her. He thought he felt her eyes on the back of his neck as he stalked out without a word.

Fred had a late breakfast and drove to the beach, his favorite thinking-ground. He had a lot to think about. Beautiful girls bursting into his apartment were not the standard interruptions of his life . . . especially while he was sitting nude at his desk plotting a literary attack on sex. It was almost as if some capricious Providence had planned it that way.

HE HAD KNOWN WHEN he began this novel that he was lacking in affairs of love. He had never had the time. At school, he studied, foregoing the usual sexual pranks of the typical college student. His first novel was a historical piece that sold immediately. Three others followed; all were fairly successful despite their lack of that portion of life which his publisher so lamented in the present manuscript.

Fred Kearns, however, seemed to be born for research.

Before submission of this novel, he had conducted more research on the sex life of the average human than on any other phase of the story. He had perused Kinsey, Freud, and Boccaccio. He had forgone his virginity, throwing naivete to the wind, by presenting himself for full treatment by the women who labored at houses of entertainment. They had all wondered at his intellectual approach to sex, but as long as he paid them their fee, they were happy to accommodate his literary desires.

Now, more research was needed on this man-woman relationship. He had to return, as much as he was tiring of it, to the houses and the call girls. He had to achieve the 'mood of sex' that his publisher required.

He would go to Rosie's after dinner and take one of the girls. Probably Anna. Anna understood his research. Maybe she could help him see where he had missed the track.

HE SAT IN THE reception room waiting for Anna. She had a customer. Sally's eyes were burning into the back of his neck again. What was this undercurrent that kept pulling her back into his mind? The muscles of his body tensed as he remembered the tight-fitting tereadors. He concentrated on his muscles and relaxed them . . . all but one.

"Hi, honey." One of the working girls sat beside him and placed her hand on his leg. He looked at her

closely. Her hair was long; Sally's was cropped short like a Vogue model. Her hair was bleached and uncombed; Sally's was jet-black and neat. Damn it, why the comparison?

The girl slipped her kimono to one side, partially exposing a breast which hung like a small skin bag. The veins in it stood out like light blue spaghetti. She leaned toward him so that the breast brushed against his arm. All of his muscles were limp now. He stood up.

"I just remembered. I gotta go," he lied. He didn't even want to see Anna now.

Outside, the air was cool. It cleared his mind. I wonder if Sally likes to walk in the cool evenings? Damn her for an interruption! He tried to think about the manuscript. The marquee of a movie glimmered at him. A picture he had not seen. A tranquilizer of moving light. He turned into the theatre.

IT WAS LATE when he returned to the apartment building. On the landing he met Mrs. Goldfarb coming down.

"Oh, Mr. Kearns, I'm so sorry but I didn't make up your room today. A sister uptown I am having who is very sick."

"That's okay, Mrs. Goldfarb. Tomorrow will be fine."

Odd, he mused, as he moved up the stairs. What, then, had Sally been doing? Curiosity quickened his steps to the apartment. The door was

slightly ajar. He slipped into the apartment, closing the door behind him. Sally stood in a pool of light at the desk, her back to him, placing the manuscript back beside the typewriter. She turned off the desk lamp, plunging the room into darkness. Fred grinned as he heard her moving toward the door. Then his arms encircled her body and she sucked in her breath in fright.

"Who? I . . . Mr. Kearns?" the words came out in short, fearful gasps. Fred reached behind him and flipped the wall switch.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Kearns," she stammered, "I was cleaning and . . . and I started to glance through your novel. I didn't mean to be so nosey but it was so interesting . . . and . . . I thought I could read it and return it before you got home."

"Sally," Fred intoned as masterfully as he could, "Mrs. Goldfarb told me *she* would clean tomorrow."

"I said I was sorry," she pouted at his discovery of her subterfuge. "And I thought, from what Mrs. Goldfarb told me that you were gentleman enough to forgive me." She sat in his easy chair and tucked her feet under her body. It strained the fabric around her young, rounded hips.

"Now, look here . . ." he started.

"Why were all those blue pencil marks on . . . ah . . . certain paragraphs?" She asked the question innocently enough, but a sparkle in her eyes became a sensuous gleam.

"That's not exactly the type ma-

(continued on page 57)





SWEATER

We all know what a form-fitting sweater can do for an eye-filling sweetheart, but have you ever wondered what effect a sexy siren can have on a so-so sweater? If so, then feast your famished eyes on *this* full-figured female . . .



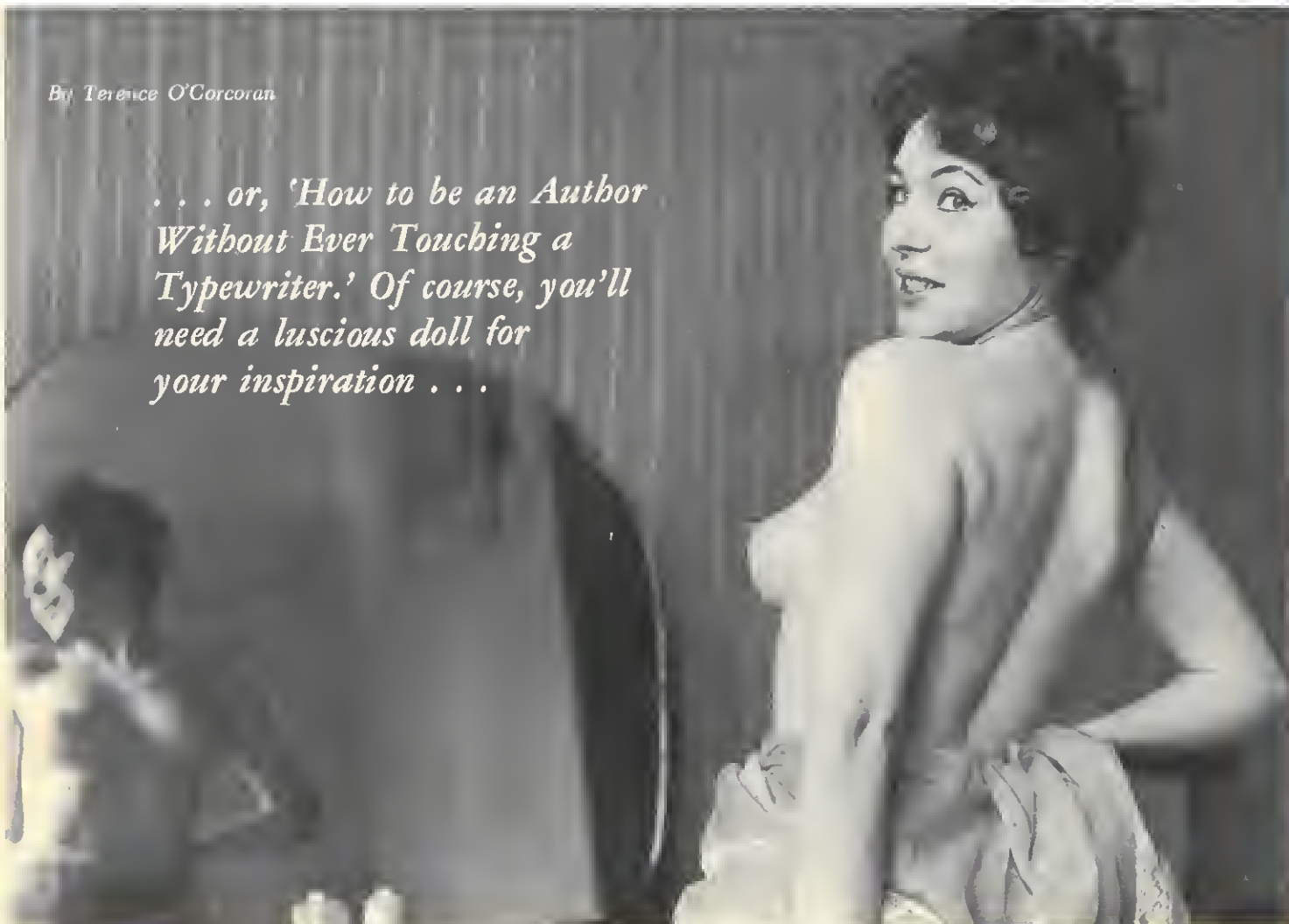


INSPIRATION VS. SINSPARATION



By Terence O'Corcoran

... or, 'How to be an Author Without Ever Touching a Typewriter.' Of course, you'll need a luscious doll for your inspiration . . .



50

I'VE BEEN IN THIS writing game for more years than I care to remember, and have rubbed elbows with some of the top talents in the field, in hopes that some of it would rub off. Inevitably, whenever writers get together — particularly selling writers — the conversation degenerates into a gripe session.

Ray Bradbury, one of the most successful authors extant, told me at one of these informal conclaves that his biggest gripe about writing is not the amount of work involved, but the reaction of those of his readers he happens to come in contact with. Because they always ask him, "Where do you get all of those fantastic ideas?"

This is a hard question for most writers to answer. It's even harder if you try to give an honest answer, because most of us are concentrating on something else when an idea comes along: namely, what to do with it. Where it came from is of no importance whatsoever. Mr. Bradbury has given up trying to answer that most annoying question.

Others, born wits, have answered it with bon mots like:

"I steal them."
"I read a lot."

"I have a spirit guide named Kimosabe Rosenstein who whispers the plots in my left ear."

"My wife has nightmares and she tells me about them at breakfast."

"Shhhh! They're all lies."

The fact of the matter is that all writers are at least slightly nuts, and fifty percent of the time what actually happens is that complete plot ideas suddenly appear, hanging suspended in words of fire about sixteen inches above their typewriters. Then, instead of writing, they simply copy what's before them.

Less fortunate writers have to do research. I am happy to report that I am one of the less fortunate, because I enjoy doing research.

Of course, I write mainly about beautiful women . . . And there are enough varieties of beautiful women to keep a writer supplied for a lifetime.

Women, I have learned, sometimes resent being referred to as "research." A few years back, I was asked to furnish some biographical data for one of the men's magazines

I was selling to, and wrote something to the effect of: "Mr. O'Corcoran divides his time about equally between writing and research. When he finishes his current research project (she's 5'2", 34-22-34) he plans to take his typewriter to Europe."

Actually, I had just met the doll whose statistics I made so fast and loose with in the biog, and four months later when the item saw print, my little research project had turned into a lifetime avocation — I had married the doll. She, then still impressed by being the wife of a real live author, opened the mail when the publisher sent me my complimentary copy.

By the time the smoke had cleared I was back at my typewriter again, doing a witty piece on WHY MARRIAGES DON'T LAST.

And to cool her off, I wound up sending her to Europe.

Women, as you can readily see, furnish a wealth of inspiration to the writer. This is nothing new — they've been doing it for centuries.

And they seem to enjoy it — being an inspiration to creativity, that is.

It occurs to me that for the non-

writer, women can also be an inspiration. I'm not talking about other creative people, either — although the firm swell of a gently rounded breast has inspired everyone from Rafael to Gershwin. No, let's consider what a non-creative male can do when confronted with an inspirational broad. Remember, first, that this type of doll is at her best when she's being inspiring. It's her way of life, almost. If she has an artist of some sort for whom she can furnish inspiration, she unfolds like a beautiful flower and urges him to taste all of her loveliness in his search for truth. She feels curiously unfulfilled if he is only a garage mechanic.

More and more men are discovering this, which probably explains why there are so many Viceroy smokers. And they're developing part-time hobbies in order to give their women something to inspire.

But the most inspirational of all is the woman who can do her part for the full-time writer, artist, poet, actor, etc. Now, if you don't happen to be a full-time etc., don't despair. Being one of these odd creatures takes too much time away from the finer things in life (like women) anyway if you're really serious about it.

It is much better just to look like a full-time writer, artist, poet or actor. In a minute I'll explain why.

One of the characteristics of the dedicated artist in any field is that he is wholeheartedly devoted to his art. This means that the women in his life have to compete with his typewriter, easel, camera, notebooks or copy of Stanislavski. And when women are competing, they go out of their way to be attractive, understanding, sweet, gentle, kind, considerate, passionate, and so on into the night.

Secondly, creating takes time — so she knows that you can only spend a limited number of hours per week with her. She learns to catch you as she can, and incidentally to love it.

Now here's where the advantage is in just looking like but not actually being what she thinks you are: with nothing to occupy the hours when she thinks you're creating, you have plenty of time left over to cultivate additional beautiful women, each of whom will want to be your inspiration.

The most workable pose is to pretend you're a novelist, writing a truly significant, bold, sexy, deeply moving story of people in turmoil. As an artist, you can refuse to show even one

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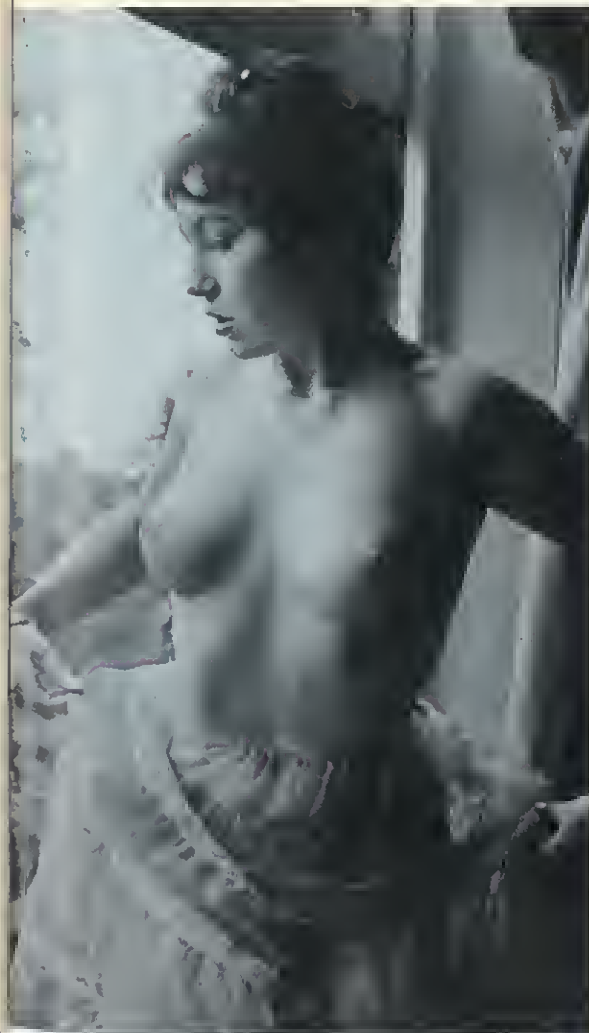




page of it to anybody before it's done, and of course you cannot divulge the plot. "Talking about a story robs the finished work of its essential freshness," you tell them, "and you don't want it read like warmed-over mashed potatoes, do you?"

If they insist on seeing some of the stuff you've done before, take a trip to the nearest well-stocked newsstand and ask for the sexiest paperback novels they have. There are about a dozen publishers who are constantly flirting with the law in this respect, and nobody in the world has ever heard of any of the authors. The reason for this is that not many authors want their true names on this kind of material. Buy a goodly selection of them, pick the two or three that you consider the best, and present them to the young ladies you're adding to your stable. Don't worry if they're shocked — you want to shock them.

Tell the girls that you wrote these under different names as you didn't want to risk waking up in the pokey, and that you did it for money and experience. "That was when I was first learning to write," you tell them. "I was hungry. But I learned enough from those three novels so I felt I



was ready to do something truly significant, which, of course, I'll have published under my own name. With you beside me for inspiration and understanding, I think I can do it."

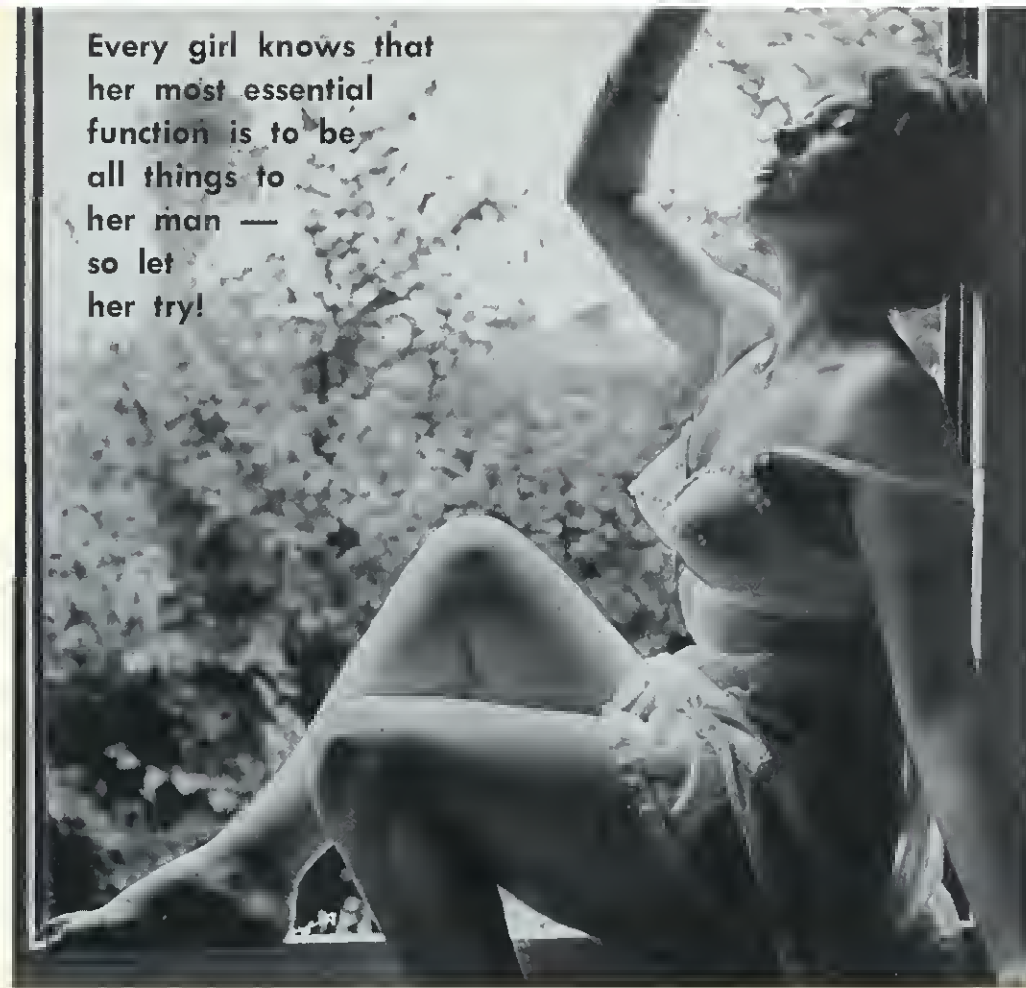
Handing her a fistful of sex novels which you claim to have written accomplishes two things:

(1) She's convinced that you *are* a writer.

(2) When she reads them she'll be convinced that you know whereof you speak — but that maybe she can help you to know it even better. These novels are usually shallow hack jobs, with two or three hot bedroom scenes and enough padding in between to annoy the reader, and they seldom plumb the depths of a woman's true feelings and reactions. Therefore, she feels that you might profit from a little more experience — with her.

Of course, the thought occurs to her that there was someone else before who may have inspired some of the spicier passages, but don't let it worry you. If she asks (and she will, believe me), simply tell her that that is all water under the bridge, part of the past, and it's your mutual future you're concerned with now. Refuse to talk about your past sources of inspiration — it will increase your sta-

Every girl knows that her most essential function is to be all things to her man — so let her try!



ture in her worshipping eyes.

It takes a minimum of six months to write a fairly good novel, so you have almost that long to dally with the fair young maid before she'll start demanding to see your work. Now, since the course of true love never runs smoothly, and this wasn't true love to start with, you can begin the gentle process of ditching the doll. You're probably getting tired of her anyway.

The best way to ditch an inspirational broad is to introduce her to another "artist" who needs her more than you do. Then start becoming curt with her, short-tempered, inconsiderate, embarrass her in public, etc., and she'll ditch you to join the other man's stable.

After you have developed your technique at this sort of thing, it might profit you to make arrangements with other pseudo-novelists and set up a system for trading off used mistresses.

This would keep the dolls happy as it keeps them active in performing their essential function, that of inspiration. And it will keep you supplied with a steady stream of resource material.

Who knows? — you might eventually wind up writing a novel! • • •

JEST FOR TONIGHT



"Years ago," recalled a famous correspondent, "I knew a Sultan who had one hundred wives and concubines. Each evening his runner would bring him six of them, in rotation. As one girl left by a back door, the runner would bring another in through the front door."

"Whew!" commented a listener. "That Sultan must have died young, eh?"

"No," the newsman smiled, "he lived to be eighty-seven. But the runner died at thirty-two." Then he added, "The moral to this story is that it isn't the loving that kills you, but the running after."

It happened in London to a customer who had just asked a nicely stacked waitress what looked good today.

"Rutabagas, roast, rice, rhubarb and ravioli," she replied.

"Baby, you sure do roll your r's."

"Yeah, it's proolly because of these high heels I'm wearing."

The biology professor was concluding his lecture on the spawning habits of fish. "In short," he summed-up, "the female deposits her eggs and then the male comes along and fertilizes them."

A pretty coed held up her hand. "You mean that they don't ever—I mean, before that they—"

"That's right, they don't," the prof responded. Which doubtless explains the expression, "Poor fish!"

Harry, the authority on women, confided to George that one of the major secrets of sex-cess was, "Never trust a woman with brown eyes."

George, who had been married for three years, reflected on this, and announced, "You know, I don't know what color eyes my wife has!" Without another word, he dashed home to check. His wife was in bed asleep. Cautiously, he lifted her eyelid.

"Brown, by Jove!" he exclaimed.

Brown stepped out from the closet with a puzzled look. "How the devil did you know it was me?"

The dignified gentleman at the bar was becoming increasingly annoyed at the lush alongside.

"Thash a beeoootiful tie clip ya got, buddy," observed the bum. "Where sha get it?"

The man replied icily, "From my fairy godmother."

"Yer what?" "My fairy godmother!" he repeated. "Don't you have a fairy godmother?"

The drunk looked at him for a moment, thinking. "Nopel!" he said at last. "But I got a cousin we're not so sure of!"

"You know," said Sally to her girlfriend, "now that I think of it I believe I'd rather be a young man's slave than an old man's mistress."

"Oh? Why?"

"I just can't stand the thought of feeling old age creeping up on me!"

The young doctor was out with his wife at a fashionable restaurant when a pretty girl smiled at him and stopped by the table for a word or two. When the girl had departed, the wife inquired sweetly: "Who was the lady, dear?"

"Oh, just someone I met professionally."

"Of course, darling. But tell me, whose profession, yours or hers?"

Three ladies of the evening were picked up in a vice raid and appeared before the judge.

"What's your business?" that worthy asked of the first of the trio.

"I'm a dressmaker," she protested, "and this awful cop—"

"Thirty days!"

The second girl started weeping. "Your Honor, I'm a respectable dressmaker with a family to support, a dying baby and a crippled mother—"

"Thirty days!"

The judge asked the third young woman the same question: "What's your business?"

"I'm a whore," she answered.

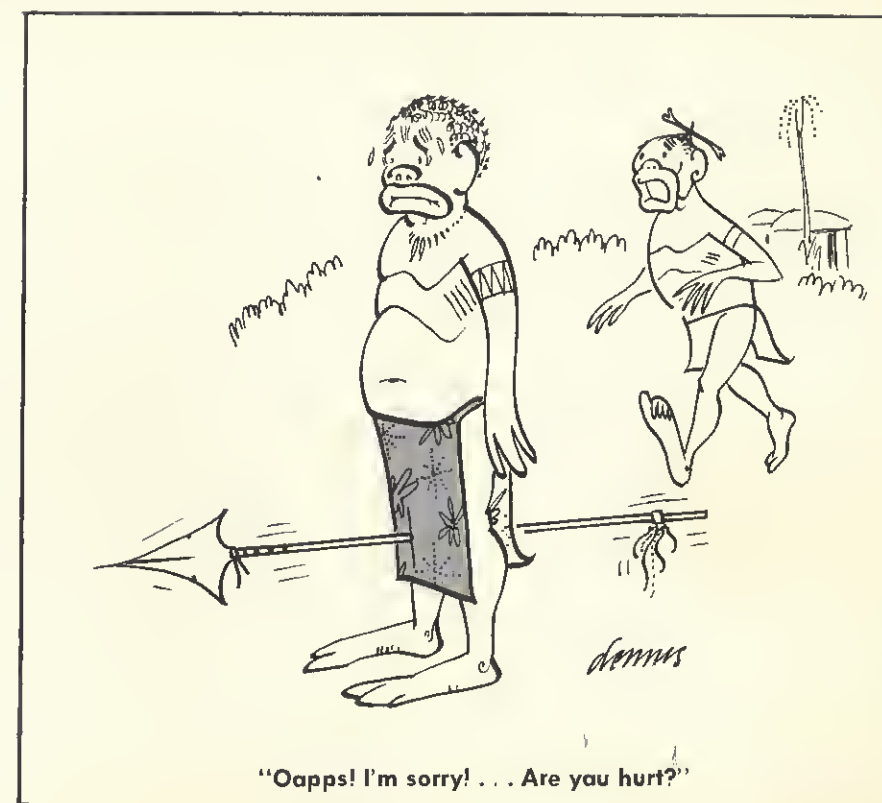
His Honor, obviously relieved, asked, "How's business?"

"Lousy," she replied, "what with all those dressmakers around."

One of our loyal readers was overheard singing: I want a girl just like the girl that Dad had on the side.

"Darling," cooed the sweet young thing, "isn't it romantic? Here we are on Observation Point, with the lights of the city twinkling below us, soft music on the car radio, millions of tiny stars in the sky overhead, the friendly chirp of thousands of little crickets..."

"Honey," he corrected, "that's not crickets you hear—it's zippers!"



54 Asked to give the difference between "Like" and "Love," Mary replied: "If I like 'em I let 'em but if I love 'em I help 'em!"



"You know, honey," he remarked early one morning, "After I get up and shave, I feel ten years younger."

He was stunned by the sour reply. "Why don't you try shaving before you go to bed?"

The bridegroom looked dolefully at the blackened bacon, the scorched toast, the sick-looking egg and the burned coffee. "Hell!" he exclaimed. "You can't cook, either!"

"Doc, I don't know what's the matter with me. Maybe you've got some pills that would help."

"What seems to be the trouble, Mr. Jones?"

"I don't seem to have the pep I used to have—when it counts, you understand."

"That seems natural enough. How old are you?"

"Well, Martha's eighty-two, and I'm three years older'n she is, so I guess that makes me about eighty-five."

"Hmmm. And just when did you first notice this lack of pep?"

"The first time was last night and that wasn't too bad. But I'll be dad-blamed if we didn't notice it again this morning!"

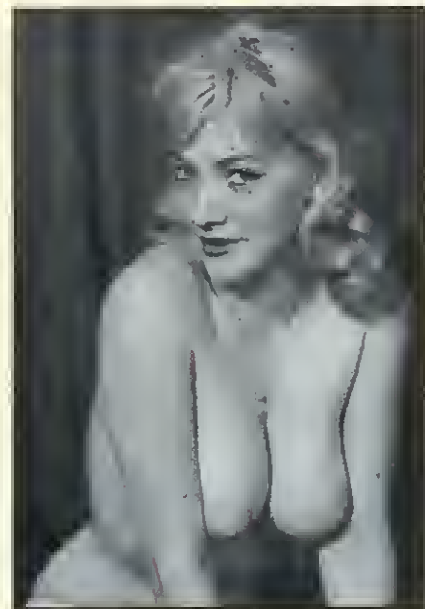
"Darling," the bride confessed, the morning after, "I should have told you before. I have asthma."

"Thank heavens!" breathed the groom. "Last night I thought you were hissing me!"





For the connoisseur, TONIGHT MAGAZINE presents a portable, wallet-sized harem . .

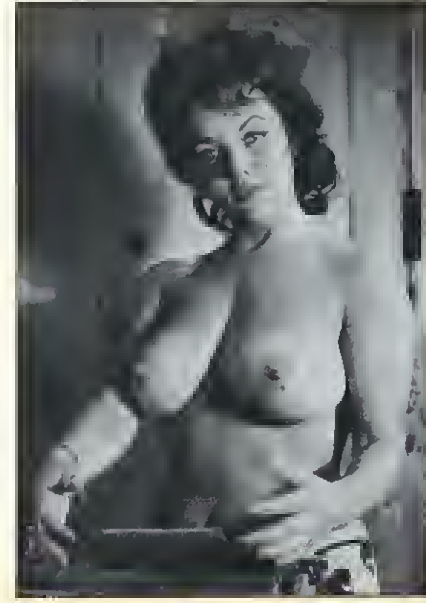


TONIGHT'S PORTABLE HAREM

ONE GORGEOUS GAL FOR
EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK
... PLUS A SPARE!



composed of eight glamorous girls who are all eager to make your billfold their home!



REWRITE (continued from page 45)

terial that a young girl like you should be interested in." He spoke sharply in his embarrassment, and the old red flush started up his neck again. Damn her! "Now look here, Sally . . ." he started again.

"Of course there was something rather cold about them."

"Cold! Cold? Why those are authentic feelings backed up by weeks of . . ." He caught himself. Sally was hardly the person and his apartment was hardly the place to begin arguing sex with her. He changed his tactics. He stretched his face into what he hoped was a wolfish leer.

"A pretty young thing like you shouldn't be in a lecherous bachelor's apartment alone," he offered in a tone intended to frighten little girls. "Particularly at this time of night. What will Mrs. Goldfarb think?"

"Mrs. Goldfarb thinks I went home," she said matter-of-factly, and then laughed. "No one saw me come in. I was careful."

Fred Kearns flushed, blushed, stuttered, sputtered, stammered and finally blustered: "Now look here, young lady, I have work to do, and I don't intend to let you . . ."

"Freddy," she interrupted gently. "I like you, but you're so mixed up. Your novel is good, except for the . . . the . . . what your publisher said in the letter."

Instead of defending her actions, she seemed to be *forgiving him*. Fred blinked, unable to follow her switch in tactics.

"He's right, you know," she continued, rising fluidly from the chair and starting toward him. He stepped back but the closed door stopped him. There was a sadness in her eyes now.

"Haven't you ever been in love, Freddy? Your characters seem so . . . so stonelike. They don't have any true feelings. They just seem to . . . to do it . . . because they're supposed to. None of them seem to really *want to*." She reached up and smoothed back a lock of hair that had fallen over his forehead. "Poor Freddy."

"Sit down, Sally," he said unsteadily. Gesturing at the chair he had just left, Fred seated himself on the edge of the studio couch. "I don't think that you're the right critic," he said, "but I'll admit I *have* wanted to talk about it."

She did not return to the chair. Instead she kicked off her ballet slippers, jumped on the studio couch beside him, and sat in her yoga-posi-

tion with her head cocked in an eager listening posture.

Fred was at a loss for words but the blush did not return. He just sat silently looking at her . . . staring at her smooth, creamy face and neck . . . the lovely hands, so slim, folded in her lap . . . the firmness under her sweater that indicated young, attentive breasts. He suddenly wanted to kiss the inviting red lips that she wet with a provocative movement of her tongue.

He leaned slowly toward her, like a man in a trance, gripped her slim shoulders in his hands, and pressed his lips gently to hers. His heart pounded and his body trembled with a vibrant feeling that he had never before experienced. She stretched both arms to him, caught him behind the shoulders and pulled him to her. Slowly, they fell back on the couch.

His face was buried in the softness of her; his hands groped and each found a firm, sweater-covered treasure. He lay there inhaling a new and delicious smell of femininity, a smell of the freshness of a young body with timeless desires.

He found the zipper on the torreadors. It opened and only a thin fabric of silk remained as a token barrier. She pressed on the back of his head with both her hands, smothering him in the glory of her youth and beauty. He could not breathe now. He forced his head up and looked at her. Her head lay

high on the arm of the couch. Her moist tongue wiped slowly back and forth over her upper lip. She opened her eyes and looked down at him.

"Sally, we shouldn't . . ."

She interrupted by raising her hips off the couch and pulling her torreadors from under her. She sat up and took them off completely, tossing them on the floor. She grasped two handfuls of his hair and forced his face up to meet hers.

He lost all control. His trembling hands tore her panties off. His hands and his lips explored the slim, smooth loveliness thus revealed. She unbuttoned her sweater, shrugged out of the constraining lace of her bra. Her breasts were firm and tipped with little stiff, pink probes.

She wrapped her legs around his waist and pressed her love to him as if trying to force herself into him. She moaned low and long and repeated his name over and over in a low voice that vibrated every quivering fiber of his being.

In a moment he, too, was nude — how it happened he did not remember. Only the rhythm of their love and the final, ecstatic driving peak of satisfaction remained in his memory. She lay on the couch alone now, on her stomach, in a semi-sleep. He sat on the rug beside her and ran his hand over the low curve of her back, gently, soothingly. Her breathing was relaxed now, and easy. It was a higher joy than he had ever known just to sit there and caress the perfect, creamy roundness of her body.

IGNORING HIS OWN nudity, he jumped to his feet and dashed to the table by the window. Sally half-turned to watch him, her expression questioning his sudden movement.

"I've found it!" he cried joyously. "I've discovered what that damn publisher means. I've found the fire in life!" He rolled a fresh page into his typewriter.

"Oh, Freddy," she chastised, "can't you forget that you're a writer?" She rolled onto her back, stretched her slim arm luxuriously over her head, and closed her eyes.

He stared at her newly assumed position . . . at the breasts pointing at the ceiling . . . at the flat stomach still damp with the sweat-shine of desire.

He could not write now. Maybe tomorrow, but not now. He returned to the bed to fondle his treasure and resume another round of newfound ecstasy. . . .



BREAK A LEG

**. . or an arm, neck, etc. --- and
watch the girls clamor to nurse
you back to health!**

ONE OF THE BEST ways to guarantee yourself that gal's full-time attention is to have an accident — one which really hurts (or at least looks as if it does). Women are funny in this respect; a perfectly healthy male sometimes has to work his head to the bone to make any impression at all, but the guy who's dying of cancer, suffers from bleeding ulcers, has his arm in a cast, etc. can make out like mad.

We suppose it's just another example of the mother instinct at work. For the fact remains that most women love to take care of an injured man.

This is why nursing is such a glamorous profession — it appeals to the average gal's basic instincts as a woman. It is a reflection of far earlier days when the men went out in the forest to do battle with terrible monsters and came limping back, bleeding from every pore, to the ministering arms of their women.

Aside from her talent in the bedroom, a woman really feels worthwhile only when caring for her children or her man.

Now that we've covered the basic psychology of the matter, let's get down to particulars:

First of all, you don't want to injure yourself to the point where you are incapable of truly appreciating your ministering angel's feminine charms, so let's avoid things like compound fractures of the hips, broken backs, etc., and concentrate on the

minor hurts. It actually doesn't make much difference to the feminine mind exactly *what's* wrong with you, as long as she can hover around making clucking sounds and do things to make your misery more comfortable. A sprained finger will suffice in some cases.

Serious backaches should be avoided, though, for obvious reasons. It is permissible, however, to let a passing truck run over your foot.

A friend of ours discovered quite by accident that he could turn an unfortunate disadvantage into a pronounced asset. He had acquired somewhat finicky eating habits through the years, and was always on the defensive when taking girls out to dinner — practically all he liked was steak and potatoes, coffee and milk. The girls, particularly if they were of the gourmet variety, continually tried to talk him into trying new and exotic dishes, such as escargot, lasagna, spanish rice, chop suey ad infinitum. Friend Charlie couldn't take it, and continually insisted that he was perfectly happy with steak and potatoes. All in vain.

Then, one happy day, he overheard a man at the next table ordering steak and potatoes, no salad, milk, a soft vegetable — and explaining that he had to be kind to his ulcer. The girl who was with the ulcer patient looked adoringly on.

Charlie had the answer. Ever since, he's been making a point of "being

(Continued on next page)





Women are often self-conscious when the spotlight is on them alone, but give them a chance to play Florence Nightingale. . .



kind to his ulcer" and the girls he dates are making just as determined a point of being kind to him. He seldom has an argument with a broad anymore, because arguing produces ulcer pains. In short, he's got it made.

Now this is a fine idea as long as you *like* the foods an ulcer patient is allowed to eat. But if your natural tendencies are towards highly spiced meals, you'll have to try another tack.

Some men find it advantageous to suffer from migraine headaches — it's a safe dodge in case you want some time to yourself, because a migraine sufferer can't even bear the thought of having another human being near, no matter how attractive she might be. This ailment comes in handy if you need a ready excuse for *not* taking a particular girl out (like, for instance, when you're taking *another* girl out).

But for the pure sympathy kick, and all the goodies that go with it, nothing beats a broken arm. Instead of being a disadvantage in the clinches, it actually helps, because she knows you've got one hand out of commission and it gives her the combination of excuse and incentive to be a bit more aggressive on her own. The results can be nothing short of *amazing*.

Of course, carrying a heavy cast around day and night gets to be a bit uncomfortable, but it pays off in the end. When you're alone, afterwards, perhaps you can take the cast off — if properly constructed with just this in mind, a realistic-looking cast can be easily removed.

Another good play is a "broken
(Continued on next page)





Perfect health is too commonplace an ideal — but give her a man who needs a nurse...



neck" — transparent plastic neck supports can be purchased in most drug-stores. This doesn't really interfere with anything you might have in mind for an evening's entertainment, but it gets sympathy everywhere — particularly from the girls. Just caution them to be extra careful once you're in bed, and you'll have the time of your life.

An eye patch also helps create the impression of serious injury (you might be bleeding internally, they reason) and makes a man somehow more desirable as a bed-partner. One would think that it would simply make you look like a haberdashery advertisement, but women don't react that way. Here is an injured man who needs to be looked after, who needs to have his attention diverted from the pain of it all.

There's really only one way to completely divert a man's attention from pain — as long as he's physically able to participate. You'll be amazed at the solicitousness of the women in your life.

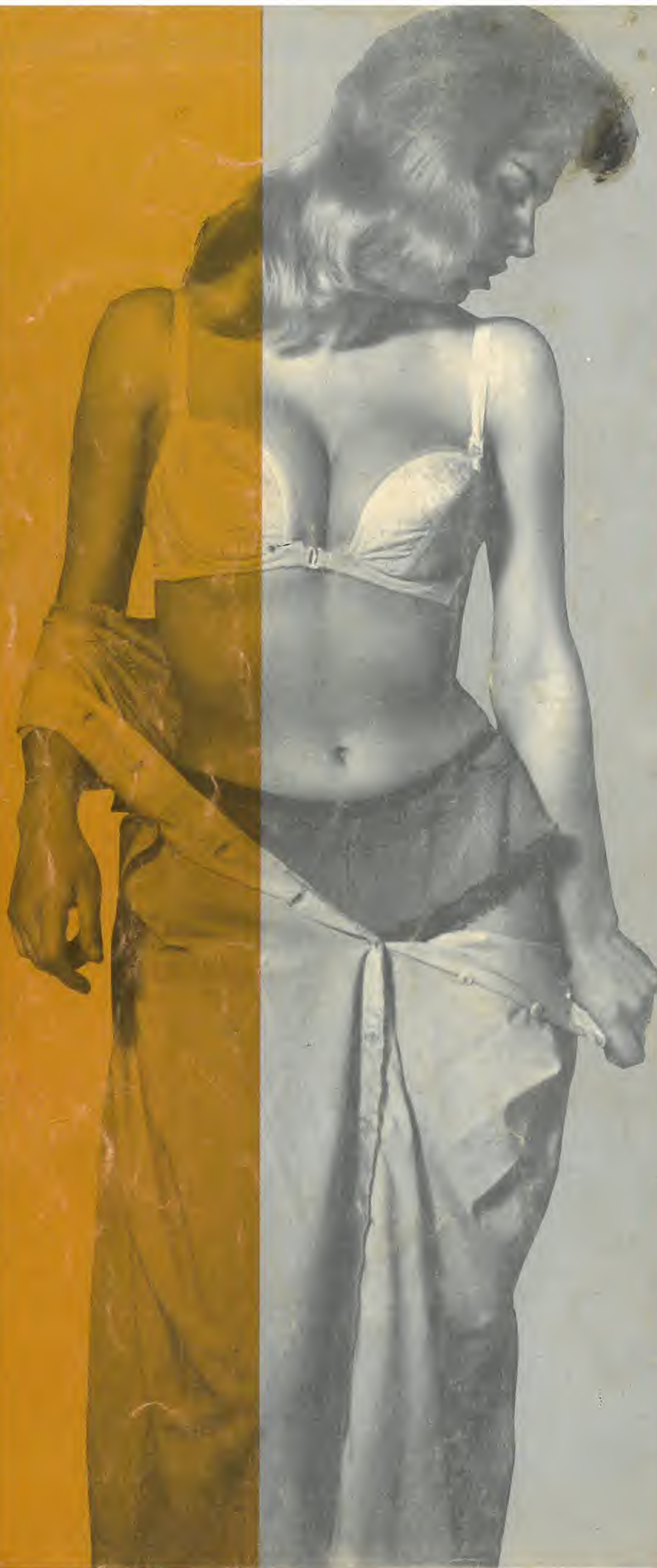
In show business, there's an old tradition that you never wish a performer luck on opening night. Instead, you wish the direct *opposite* — and what could be more distressing to an actor than to break his leg just before he's due on stage? So the thespian superstition has evolved that the best of luck will follow a hearty wish to "Break a leg!"

It works somewhat the same in affairs of the libido — the man who seems incapacitated gets all the sympathy while his healthy brothers get the leftovers.

So break a leg!

• • •





● KISSES FOR KUMQUATS
● SOME GIRLS DO IT FOR
FUN ● ONCE MORE WITH
FEELING ● INSPIRATION VS.
SINSPIRATION ● BREAK
A LEG ● FURORE OVER
FUDGE ● A MINK FOR
MILLIE ● GIRL OF THE
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OF TONIGHT ● HOT ICE
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